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MEMOIRS

OF THE CELEBRATED

EUGENE ARAM,

WHO WAS EXECUTED

FOR THE MURDER OF DANIEL CLARK,

IN 1759:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY,

AND OTHER PARTICULARS,

Collected, for the most Part, above Thirty Years ago.

BY NORRISSON SCATCHERD, ESQ.

Author of the "History of Morley," &c. &c.

"Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to RISE fair, and unblemished."

EUGENE ARAM.

Εὕδε φιλῆ ψυχῆ, γλυκερὸν, κ' ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον·

Theocrit. Idyll. xxiv. l. 7.

SECOND EDITION,

IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO. STATIONERS'-COURT;

JOHN HEATON, LEEDS.

1838.

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TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

Having gained some information of late, which corroborates my former narratives of Eugene Aram; and being anxious that nothing which can be "gleaned" respecting him, should be withheld from the public; it was pleasing to me to have it announced by Mr. Heaton, that he wished to publish a New Edition of my "Memoirs." This, I have great reason to believe, has been much wanted for above three years; but, as events have happened, it is fortunate that some delay has taken place; for otherwise it would have been impossible to have introduced, in the Appendix, those curious and interesting documents to which I have before alluded. These are published at my special request; and, in my opinion, they make this Second Edition of double the value of the first, as they give it a stamp of authority.

NORRISSON SCATCHERD.

Morley, July 16th, 1838.

MEMOIRS

OF

EUGENE ARAM.

NO person of common sense, as I imagine, would spend one sixpence of his money, or moment of his time, upon this Pamphlet, unless he was assured of two very material things;—firstly, that it contained some novelty;—and secondly, that this new matter was authentic. It is only necessary for me to address myself to the second point, and I prefer doing it in this place, to the writing of a Preface; because in fact a Preface is seldom read, and is little regarded.

Sometime before the commencement of the great Revolution in France in 1792, (being then a mere child,) I was taken by my parents to Harrogate. It was here, after some years, that I first heard of Eugene Aram; and being born an Antiquary, and looking up with especial reverence to superior talent and learning, I became seized with an insatiable curiosity to know something about that extraordinary man, and the particulars of his case. Few things more astonished, disappointed, and vexed me, at this early period of my life, than the general ignorance or apathy of even well-bred people, as

touching this subject. Not one person could I enlist to assist me in my inquiries. The gentlemen bantered, and the ladies laughed at me, for hunting after old men and women, to pick up the fruits of their observations, or the traditions of their forefathers; and I soon found that I had been born just one generation too late for the particular knowledge after which I panted.

In this, as in every other kind of distress, my mother was my only refuge. To oblige me, she contrived to "scrape an acquaintance" with old Hargrove, the publisher of Aram's life, and to introduce me to him. This was no difficult task, as, besides his library at High-Harrogate, he was a well-bred man—(of the old school)—a politician, and fond of an amicable controversy on that subject, which, even more than religion, engrosses the public mind.——But here again, I experienced increased mortification; for the old gentleman, who could be remarkably free and communicative upon any thing else, was shy and costive, and even petulant, upon the subject of Aram.

Piqued at the failure of my chief hope, I renewed my visits to old "crones" and "cronies," and discovered others; listened to their narratives, and gave battle to my brother antiquary on the subject of his book. This, from a boy about ten years of age, amused him—procured for me his good will; and so much did I gain ground upon

him, that, at our last interview, he dropped some company for a short time, and accosted me thus:—"Ha! here comes my little friend E.—A. Well, young gentleman, what news now about Aram?"

It was at this time that I gained from him a treasure—a most beautiful anecdote of Sally Aram, which I shall hereafter relate. I had previously found out an aged woman, who shook hands with Aram in York Castle, and knew his family; whose eldest brother was his pupil—whose daughter-in-law lived servant to Daniel Clark's widow fourteen years, and "helped to lay her out." I conversed too, with a man who knew Aram—with another person who lodged at the house of Levi, a Jew—(long since forgotten)—and another who helped to draw Eugene Aram up on his gibbet. If the reader is not satisfied with this evidence—if he cannot depend upon a few anecdotes from one who has travelled hundreds of miles to inquire about Aram's case, and whose chief motive in writing on it, is amusement, he must be sceptical indeed.

In a note to my "History of Morley, &c." I made an allusion to these particulars, but never thought of printing them, till I was solicited to do so. Of late, however, the public mind has been remarkably excited; partly by notices of Aram in Literary Gazettes and Newspapers; partly by a fine Poem, called "The Dream of Eugene Aram," by a Mr. Hood; but, most of all, by Mr. Bulwer's

Romance. This is, in truth, a very beautiful and interesting work, and the author has displayed the character and sentiments of Aram, with a faithful and masterly hand. I cannot, in short, find fault with that work, except as regards matters of FACT. But this, perhaps, is no detraction from its merit, inasmuch as the same license must be allowed to the Novelist as the Poet—the license of *imagination*, and of *fiction*.

The ignorance of all people NOW, upon the subject in question, may well be conceived, from one circumstance. Not one person living (except, peradventure, myself) could well describe even the person of Aram—the number and names of his children—or the person of Houseman—and other particulars which shall follow. My aged informants have long, long since, been "gathered to their fathers," and are at rest.

Aram was, according to my information, a very gentlemanlike man, and pretty much resembling what Mr. Bulwer has feigned, except that he was *not* of stout make, had blue eyes, light hair, and a rather aquiline nose. "He was very cleanly in his person, and neat in his dress, commonly wearing a blue coat lined with white, or else a black one."—When not in his school, he was a complete recluse, or if seen abroad in an evening, he was always alone, and appeared lost in meditation. The company and busy haunts of men, he invariably

avoided. "He was a man of few words, and seldom deigned to converse, except with very sensible or literary characters." He was, in fact, a sublime visionary who held chief converse with the ancients, or with the stars, and followed Nature to her inmost recesses. By all persons who were not in the trammels of a party, Aram was highly valued; and especially for his extraordinary usefulness as a teacher. In this department, the modesty and amiability of his character, was remarkably conspicuous. He was no pedant or pedagogue, but another Aylmer; and by patience, by gentleness, and elucidations, he so recommended learning to his pupils, that he was equally beloved and admired by them all.

Aram had three Sons: Joseph—(a saddler, who lived latterly, at Green-Hammerton,)—Michael—and another who was an idiot. He had also three daughters—Sally, Betty, and Jane. All these, but *one*, appear to have taken after their mother, and his doubts of their legitimacy may have disposed him to neglect them; but his Sally was the darling of his heart. She was the image of her father, both in body and mind. Like him, she took up learning rather as it seemed, by intuition than by study; and when Aram beheld her perusing the classics as her native language, and putting down his scholars of the first class, his ecstasy was at its height. Her father, on the other hand, was the

pride, the delight, and the oracle of Sally. She appreciated the powers of his vast mind—was charmed by the riches of his fancy—and paid a constant court to the best affections of his heart. I have heard a great deal about this Sally; how Aram used to shame his pupils into application, by means of his scholar in petticoats; and how he was accustomed to boast that she would soon beat the brightest boys in the kingdom; and how modestly she bore her blushing honours. But more about Sally hereafter.

It was Aram's unfortunate matrimonial connection, (as he, indeed, himself tells us,) coupled with circumstances hereafter to be explained, which occasioned his ruin. His wife was a low, mean, vulgar woman, of extremely doubtful character; this made Eugene perpetually miserable, and drew him into acquaintance with her disreputable associates. To such a woman, the company of people like Clark, the shoemaker; Houseman, the flax-dresser; Terry, the "ale-draper;" Levi, the Jew; or Iles, the usurer,—would, of course, be far preferable to that of an Erasmus or a Newton; and Eugene had probably better reasons than we know, for discovering her preference of Clark. This suspicion undoubtedly led to the destruction of her favourite, and the abandonment of Anna Aram.

One of the artifices which Aram employed to torment his wife, in his turn, is curious. He would,

for instance, dress up a shapely boy in female apparel, and contrive that his counterfeited attentions to the "fine girl," should catch the view of Anna. It may well be imagined how much these mutual jealousies contributed to the welfare of either party.

There was but one thing which made the presence of Clark even supportable by Aram, and that was his own love of botany and horticulture, and the skill of the other as a florist. It was well known that this fellow would possess himself of any rarity in this way, wherever he could find it; and Aram, who held gardening and its pleasures in the same view as Lord Bacon, was induced, no doubt by this attraction, to converse with him on these subjects, and may have reaped the benefit of his toils. I am, however, well assured that neither Clark, nor Houseman, nor any such low people, were ever the companions of Eugene.

Aram, as I have heard, had a little garden well stocked with bulbous and other roots, which were much disturbed and rooted up, by the cats in the neighbourhood. Some of them he destroyed, but others being little admonished by the methods used, Clark and he, or one of them, contrived a plan whereby this warning should be communicated. The spot being remarked whence, in the dead of night, these marauders made their descent from a wall, some very sharp spikes were set there,

with the points upwards, upon which, when grimalkin alighted, he got impaled. This operated as was intended; and Aram, having scared all the cats around him, is said to have laughed heartily at their rout.

There can be little doubt, I think, that Aram's garden was furnished with valuables by Clark, in return for the information and assistance which he would necessarily receive from a man so scientific as Aram. Eugene, however, little knew the dangerous connection which he was forming, for it is clearly manifest that Clark was a detestable character. Mr. Hargrove, I am sorry to say, has neither done justice to him, to Houseman, to Aram, or the public; but has told a partial story, which it shall now be my business to amend.

About the year 1744, besides the parties beforementioned, there was living at Knaresborough, a Jew boy, who travelled the country for one Levi, his master, carrying upon his back a box of jewellery or baubles, for sale. A confederacy, at the head of which was Clark, was formed for the robbery of this poor lad, who, being decoyed to Thistle-hill, was supposed to have been murdered by this fellow and Houseman; and the sudden transition of the former from poverty to wealth, added great weight to this subsequent inference. This was the first act of a tragedy, wherein Clark played a

principal part; and it was the accidental finding of the bones of the boy, by a labourer digging for limestone in 1758, which led to the discovery of the bones even of Clark himself.

Flushed with their success, the next plot appears to have been projected by the same parties, with Terry, a publican, and a person called Iles. This last fellow was possessed of great wealth, much of it acquired in no very honourable way. Some people believed him to have been the instigator of all the mischief which ensued, and that much booty passed through his hands.* His house stood by the way-side, just at the town's end, going to York; his property went to a spendthrift nephew; the family have long been extinct, and the very name, perhaps, is unknown. This second scheme, even as developed by Mr. Hargrove, clearly discovers the character of Clark, and was as follows:—

This man being enriched, as before-mentioned, and having married a young woman with about two hundred pounds to her fortune, was considered by Iles, Terry, and Houseman especially, the fittest instrument for their purpose. He was, accordingly, persuaded to go among the tradesmen of Knaresborough, to borrow plate and other valuables, suitable for the nuptial occasion, and his sup-

* See Appendix III.

posed fortune; the other parties were to convert them into money, and Clark, with a good share of the spoil, and his wife's fortune, was to decamp, and for ever abandon a helpless wretched female, to whom, at the altar, he had pledged his vows but about three weeks prior to his elopement.

Aram, assuredly, was privy to the scheme; and being wretchedly poor, having a family to support and burning with revenge for the dishonour of his own bed, he unhappily appears to have fallen into an under plot with Houseman and Terry, which was, to destroy Clark, and divide the booty between themselves. At all events, he was a party to the project of Clark, though he may have contemplated nothing beyond it. However this may be, when on the night of February 7th, 1744-5 Clark came to his house, accompanied by the flax dresser, Aram went out with them, for the ostensible purpose of beating up the plate in Saint Robert's Cave, and either upon some sudden quarrel, or by preconcerted design, the murderer of the Jew body was knocked down, and met his fate from an unknown hand.*

In supposing, however, that the murder was by preconcerted design, I am certainly travelling out of the record. The evidence of Housema

* Clark, I believe, was killed with a pick-axe, which was also employed to dig his grave, probably by Houseman. This circumstance shows what Houseman was, and makes me suspect a preconcerted plan.

assuredly gave no countenance to such a supposition, but quite the contrary; for he swore "that Aram proposed a walk out of the town; that when they came into the field where St. Robert's Cave is, Aram and Clark went into it over the hedge, and when they came six or eight yards off the cave, HE HEARD THEM QUARRELLING, and saw Aram strike Clark several times, upon which Clark fell, and he never saw him rise again." If, therefore, we believe this testimony, (and upon it, without any corroboration, Aram was executed,) we must admit that the death of Clark was immediately preceded by a quarrel with Aram, in which case, if blows were exchanged, the complexion of his crime is quite altered. But it is manifest that Houseman's tale was formed to exculpate himself, to screen Terry, and to throw the weight of guilt upon Aram.

In all the annals of our criminal judicature, I do not recollect one instance of a person being convicted and executed upon such evidence as that of Houseman; unsupported, as I believe it was, by anything deserving of the least regard. While Aram was a man of moral habits, delicate health, prepossessing countenance, slender form, and unassuming deportment, this execrable villain was altogether the reverse. To use the words of Sir Thomas More, with reference to Deighton, (the murderer of the princes,) "he was a big, broad

shouldered, square knave," with a malevolent, sulky, downcast look. No man, according to all my informants, could possibly have a more repulsive aspect than Houseman had, and his character (as is generally the case) was well suited to his looks.

But the testimony of this wretch was palpably false in most particulars, and must have appeared so to all the court. To exculpate, as far as possible, himself and Terry, he had the effrontery to swear "that he saw Aram strike Clark, and saw him fall, as if dead; upon which he went away and left them; but whether Aram used any weapon or not to kill Clark, or what became of the body afterwards, he could not tell, but believed that Aram left it at the mouth of the cave; for that seeing Aram do this, LEST HE MIGHT SHARE THE SAME FATE, he made the best of his way from them." Yet this perjured monster could relate that Clark's body was buried at the mouth of the cave, WITH HIS HEAD TO THE RIGHT of its entrance; and Mrs. Aram could state, upon the coroner's inquest, that he returned that very morning with her husband, at five o'clock,—that he burnt clothes,—that spots of blood were upon the handkerchief which she had lent him,—and that I urged her husband to shoot her, to prevent a discovery. So much for the credibility of this witness

* One Thomas Barnett, also swore that he saw Houseman come out Aram's house about one o'clock in the morning of the 8th of Feb. 1744-5

The public has now, for above seventy years, been under a gross delusion as respects the evidence of Anna Aram; and Mr. Hargrove's book, the Annual Register, the Gentleman's Magazine, and those Grub-street publications, called "Newgate Calendars," so far from removing, have led, even the historian Smollett, into the same error. It not unfrequently happens, even at this day, that, for political or other private purposes, very artful tales are invented and sanctioned, by way of a sop, and to prevent that burst of general indignation which would ensue, were the naked truth exposed. Impressed by a suspicion that, in this instance, there has been something at work, beyond unintentional mistake, I shall take the liberty to tear away the mask, and justify the complaints of Eugene.

It seems a matter of notoriety that, except Houseman, there was not, upon this trial, one witness to prove the murder, nor one person living who could bolster up his testimony in the slightest degree, but Anna Aram. Now these public reporters, well knowing that a dog ought not to have been hanged upon the deposition of the former, have gratuitously introduced this Mrs. Aram into the witness-box, and have insinuated that law and justice were satisfied by this united testimony.

But, in opposition to this weak invention or surmise, I would maintain that Anna Aram was not, NOR COULD BE, put into the witness-box,

upon this trial; nor could her evidence against her husband, in any shape, be received. No doubt she related her suspicions to her neighbours, and, very improperly, was allowed to vent her spleen upon the coroner's inquest; but this ought to have been forgotten by the Jury at York, especially if her character and motives were known. She had, it appears, an especial tenderness for Clark, and some knowledge of his frauds, and a cogent reason for her silence of fourteen years' duration.* If it had suited her inclination, she could, no doubt, have told her townsmen some important secrets. But until it was too late, and until her pecuniary resources failed her, she was mute; and then, after some grumbling, she turned the full tide of her wrath on her unfortunate husband. Her gossip, from the account we have of it, was that of a faithless, incredible, and frivolous woman. As to the murder, she could, at most, only speak from suspicion, but as to the frauds, she was otherwise instructed.

I deny, however, once more, that she was, or could be, a witness upon this trial. As a general rule, husband and wife cannot be admitted to be evidence for each other, because their interests are absolutely the same; nor AGAINST each other, because contrary to the legal policy of marriage.

* See also Appendix III.

The exceptions to this rule are few, have no bearing upon the present subject, and have principally been allowed for the security of the woman against the personal wrong, or violence, of the man. Yet, in the celebrated case of Lord Audley, where the wife was allowed to prove that her husband was one of those who assisted in the perpetration of a rape on her person, so far is the general rule carried, that the legality of her evidence was doubted, and the case has been denied to be law.* And if such has been the doubt of the profession, where the safety and protection even of the wife are concerned, what shall we say to the admission of such a witness as Anna Aram? Why, that she never was allowed to be seen in court, and that (for anything which appears in print) Eugene was convicted upon the solitary, improbable, unconfirmed, and, in some respects, perjured testimony of Houseman alone.

As two witnesses are requisite to convict a person of the highest crime, namely of treason, to do it, in another case, on the testimony of one person, unless there be strong circumstantial, corroborating evidence, certainly appears rigorous. The least, however, to be expected in such a case is, that the single witness should be a man of undoubted character, and his testimony consistent. Now,

* Buller's "Nisi Prius," p. 282.—2 Hawkins's P. C. p. 431.

can any one believe that such a witness, or such circumstances, appeared against Aram?—Houseman, undoubtedly, proved that he himself was a party to the murder; but, as against another, he ought to have been viewed with extreme mistrust. Clark disappeared in 1745, memorable in England for the entrance of the Pretender, and the Scotch rebellion. In this year, and that which followed, there were various battles and skirmishes: they were very dubious and alarming times, and, no doubt, contributed greatly to allay the suspicion which otherwise would have arisen. Not a single mistrust of Aram appears, for above thirteen years, to have existed; the bones of a boy are then discovered, and Houseman being challenged as the murderer, relates, in a panic, where the real bones of Clark lay, and their exact position, accusing (of course) another person, to save his own neck. This appears to have been the sum and substance of what came out upon the trial, and the Jury convicted Eugene upon such evidence!

But what did the people of Knaresborough think upon the subject, who must have been, and were, the best judges? Take the answer, my readers, from the report of those who knew all parties, and lived upon the very spot.

Aram was convicted on Friday, the 3rd* of

* Mr. Hargrove says it was on the 5th, but that day was Sunday. See also his book, page 51.

August, 1759, and executed on the Monday following. Upon this event, Houseman returned home; a few of his comrades went out to meet him, and, for his better security, two or three principal people shook him by the hand, in the way of congratulation, as though he had been acquitted. But the manœuvre was instantly seen through, and the burst of indignation was not to be averted. A cry, almost universal, of "'Scape Gallows," arose. He was hissed, hooted, and mobbed; and so furious did the multitude become, that although some one opened him a house of refuge, his life was with difficulty preserved. During the rest of his time at Knaresborough, he was scarcely ever seen abroad, and at length he went to Marton, where he lies interred. It was afterwards discovered that, besides much other booty, he had the whole of Clark's leather in his possession.

The next attack made on Houseman and his premises, was on Tuesday the 14th of August, and week following; when, as appears even from the Gentleman's Magazine, "a mob assembled, and it was with great difficulty they were prevented from pulling down his house. However, they carried Houseman about the streets in effigy, which was afterwards knocked on the head with a pick-axe,* and then hanged and burnt."

* This gives some strength to the testimony of my old Harrogate friends, that the murder was effected with a pick-axe.

Some time after this occurrence, two Oxford scholars called at the shop of a bookseller in Knaresborough, and inquired for Houseman's residence. Being shown the place, and finding him in his workshop, they upbraided him as the murderer both of Clark and Aram, broke his windows and furniture, and being joined by others, they would soon have taken vengeance upon his person, but he saved himself by a precipitate retreat. Houseman, upon this, went to a Mr. Simpson, to ask his advice, when he was prudently recommended to "pocket the affront," and submit to the damage, lest another explosion should take place, and the town should suffer.* To this he assented, but feeling the contempt and aversion of his neighbours he removed, as before stated, to Marton. The Oxford scholars, it turned out, had been pupils of Aram.

Far different was the sentiment, however, towards this great man, who experienced much pity, but no insult. When he entered the town, (dressed as before-mentioned,) he was not only composed, but cheerful, confident of an acquittal, and had a smile, either of heroism or disdain, upon his countenance, which did not forsake it, even after his sentence. Every person with whom I have conversed, (except perhaps Mr. Hargrove,) considered him as incomparably the best of the set; and at Lynn, I have heard, he was equally esteemed.†

* I had this anecdote from Mr. Hargrove. † See my "Gleanings."

I never could learn much about Terry. He was certainly engaged, not only in the frauds, but the murder; and his acquittal was a mysterious thing to many people. Aram declared that he had the large plate, and that his own wife knew as well this, as that Houseman had the watches and rings, and all the rest of the spoil, except some velvet, which fell into the hands of Mrs. Terry. That this was a true statement, is rendered probable by the confession even of Houseman himself.

To return again to Aram. I cannot help remarking, that he was mysteriously and harshly dealt with. Up to the very day of his trial, he evidently had little idea of Houseman being a witness for the crown. Little could he dream of conviction, upon such infamous and prevaricating evidence; and therefore he did not address himself to the point most material to his defence. Aram, indeed, though perhaps the wisest among the sons of men, was a mere child in a court of law; and so it happened, that his accuser appeared in a false light, and Aram stood at the bar, without counsel, without money, and without a friend, whilst he delivered that beautiful oration, which will ever delight the man of taste, the antiquary, and the scholar.

"My Lord," said Aram, "I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your Lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence: since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with (I

know not what) expectancy, I labour, NOT WITH GUILT, my Lord, but with perplexity. For—having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings—I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope, if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my Lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime—with an enormity I am altogether incapable of—a fact, to the commission of which, there goes far more insensibility of heart, and profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. However, I stand indicted at your Lordship's bar, and have heard what is *called* evidence, adduced in support of such a charge. I very humbly solicit your Lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I,—single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel,—say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your Lordship's time: what I have to say will be short, and this brevity probably will be the best part of it. However, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission, to your Lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable court.

"First, my Lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life, contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet, I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my Lord, to call upon *malignity* itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which *prejudice* was not the author. No, my Lord, I concerted not schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And, I humbly conceive, my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unreasonable; but, at least, deserving some attention. Because, my Lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind are never corrupted at once; villany is al-

ways progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my Lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health. For, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches, and was so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble, and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when its springs are laid open, it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or gratify some malice; to prevent some real, or some imaginary, want. Yet, I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my Lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clark is suggested as an argument of his being dead. But the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to produce a very recent one, and that produced by this Castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and doubly ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisements, was never seen or heard of since. If, then, Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clark, when none of

them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"Permit me next, my Lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, that they may; but is there any certain known criterion, which incontestibly distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my Lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than an hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in times past, being not only places of retirement, but of burial too; and it has scarce, or never, been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind, your Lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity,* and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed while living.

"All this while, my Lord, I am sensible this is known to your Lordship, and many in this court, better than I. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all perhaps adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me, then, my Lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead; and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this in question, lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and consequently occasion prejudice.

"1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St. Dubritius, were discovered, buried in his cell, at Guyscliffe, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"2. The bones thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

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* How beautiful this passage!

"3. But our own county, nay almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, was found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a Rev. Gentleman,* the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholme, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholme, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

"4. In February, 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, which bore cutting with a knife, though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this Abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538-9.

"What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my Lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the estate of the worthy and patriot baronet, who does that borough the honour to represent it in Parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your Lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? Whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My Lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, and on commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed, are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your Lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being

* In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1747, p. 23, where is an interesting account of this discovery, and whence Aram probably derived it, I perceive that the clergyman here alluded to, was the Rev. Samuel Wesley.

found in one cell; and in the cell in question, was found but one; agreeable in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, then, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

"But then, my Lord, to attempt to identify these, when even to identify living men sometimes has proved so difficult, as in the case of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Symnel at home, and of Don Sebastian abroad, will be looked upon, perhaps as an attempt to determine what is undeterminable. And I hope, too, it will not pass unconsidered here, where gentlemen believe with caution, think with reason, and decide with humanity, what interest the endeavour to do this is calculated to serve, in assigning proper personality to those bones, whose particular appropriation can only appear to Eternal Omniscience.

"Permit me, my Lord, also very humbly to remonstrate, that, as human bones appear to have been the inseparable adjuncts of every cell, even any person's naming such a place at random, as containing them, in this case, shows them rather fortunate, than conscious present, and that these attendants on every hermitage, only accidentally concurred with this conjecture: a mere casual coincidence of words and things.

"But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clark's as this. My Lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? And might not a place where bones lay, be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or, is it more criminal, accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here too, is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence, of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence before, or after, death? My Lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William Lord Archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet, certainly, he died by no violence offered to him alive, that could occasion that fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my Lord, that upon the dissolution of

religious houses, and the commencement of the Reformation, the ravages of those times both affected the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; your Lordship knows that these violations proceeded so far as to occasion Parliamentary authority to restrain them; and it did, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I intreat your Lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times, to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle, which, though now a ruin, was once considerable, both for its strength and garrison. All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the Parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, and pursuits, many fell in all the places round it; and where they fell, were buried; for every place, my Lord, is burial-earth in war; and many, questionless, of these rest unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said, will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and integrity of this place, to impute to the living, what *seal* in its fury may have done; what *nature* may have taken off, and *piety* interred; or what *war* alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances, similarly precarious, have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability; yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your Lordship the two Harrisons, recorded in Dr. Howell, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned again a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jaques du Moulin, under King Charles the Second, related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? And why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father

guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Fainloth and Loveday, of the murder of Dunn; the first of whom, in 1749,* was executed at Winchester, and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of the Gosport hospital.

"Now, my Lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life;—that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time;—that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead, who suddenly disappears;—that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse;—that the proofs of these are well authenticated;—that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, has mangled or buried the dead;—the conclusion remains perhaps no less reasonably, than impatiently, waited for.; I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your Lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

But character, usefulness, learning, and talent, availed nothing in the instance of Aram: they procured him not a shilling or a friend. Not a barrister stood up to ask a single question on his behalf, nor did the Judge himself appear to have desired it. When a prisoner is arraigned upon a capital charge, and is too poor (as Aram was) to employ counsel, it is always understood that the Judge is his counsel, and it is humanely acted on by our admirable Judges of the present day. But if no effort was made by Noel to save Eugene, (which seems credible) he had a Jeffreys for his

* See the cases quoted by Aram, in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749, p. 185; for 1751, p. 378; and for 1754, p. 404; which shows that Aram was a reader of this work.

Judge, and not a Bayley. At all events, it was a disgrace, both to the bar and to the nation, to let a man like this be consigned to death and ignominy, without an effort, and without a sigh. "Oh Cader Idris! Cader Idris! Oh Genius of the mountains! Oh Divinity, that presidest over the storms, the meteors, and the ocean! how was your pupil fallen!"

Eugene, it appears, "was much dissatisfied with his trial, and made some reflections extremely injurious to the integrity and candour of the court," which his biographer has suppressed. He also suppressed as much as he pleased of Aram's last confession, because, as he alleges, it reflected on some characters that stood unimpeached. These immaculate persons have long since passed to their great and final account. They, no doubt, were such "worthies" as Clark, Houseman, Terry, Iles, and Anna Aram, for some of whom Mr. Hargrove has manifested a tenderness which they ill deserved.

The historian Smollett, the contemporary of Aram, writing upon his case and character, and without the least knowledge, as it seems, of the palliative circumstances alluded to in this pamphlet, has the following paragraph:—

"His own wife corroborating the testimony of Houseman, Aram was found guilty,* and received

* From the Periodical Publications of 1759, and especially the Gentleman's Magazine, page 354, it seems that the trial of Aram gave no great satisfaction to the public, but that reflections were made both upon the Judge and Jury. Who can wonder at it after my narrative?

sentence of death, notwithstanding a very artful and learned defence, in which he proved, from argument and example, the danger of convicting a man upon circumstantial evidence. Finding all his remonstrances ineffectual, he recommended himself, IN PATHETIC TERMS, to the King's mercy; and if ever murder was entitled to indulgence, perhaps it might have been extended not improperly to this man, whose genius, in itself prodigious, might have exerted itself in works of general utility. He had, in spite of all the disadvantages attending low birth and straitened circumstances, by the dint of his own capacity and inclination, made considerable progress in mathematics and philosophy, acquired all the languages, ancient and modern, and executed part of a Celtic dictionary, which, had he lived to finish it, might have thrown some essential light upon the origin and obscurities of European history."

The public insensibility towards Aram while living, and apathy towards him after death, was probably occasioned by his peculiar views. Though a man of no party, though he never interfered or troubled his mind with those petty controversies which agitate the passions of ordinary men, he was a republican in his politics, and a reasoner in his religion. He was certainly not composed of materials upon which statecraft, or priestcraft, could work. He may have thought erroneously,

(and, in some respects, I fancy he did,) but he thought dispassionately, and took *no opinions upon trust.* This, in a high *aristocratic* and "ORTHODOX" age, and in a neighbourhood studded with the seats of Lords and lordlings, gave, there can be no doubt, great umbrage, which would scarcely be diminished by his lowly birth, his humble station, the independence of his spirit, and pre-eminence of his fame. That such a man would have the aid of a friend at court, was not to be expected; but methinks he should have found one in the republic of letters.

Mr. Hargrove has asserted, that Aram confessed his having killed Clark, but I have contested the point with him more than once; and certain it is, that not one of the oldest people with whom I conversed, ever believed in this confession. Supposing him, however, correct, and that Aram *really* struck the blow which terrified the *gentle* Houseman and Terry so much that they actually ran away, though no weapon was seen in his hand! still I must believe, with my aged informants, that "he was incomparably the best man of the set." With these villains, the destruction of Clark was an affair of money only; but a much better apology may be offered for Eugene.*

* It has been conjectured that Aram got much of Clark's money, and therewith paid off a mortgage; but this is *only* conjecture: and as he got a legacy by the will of an old lady thenabouts, it is as fair to presume that this money, so applied, was his own.

In the perpetration of every offence, not even excepted that of murder, there are circumstances which, at least in the eye of reason and justice, aggravate, or mitigate, the atrocity of the deed, and of course require a corresponding punishment. The Jewish law,* however, and our own, framed thereupon, knows no distinctions of this kind, the grand criterion being, the killing with what is called "malice aforethought." Adverting, therefore, to the case of Aram, his crime, according to the letter of the law, was assuredly murder; and it was visited with the highest and most ignominious penalty. But let us view the subject in another light; and putting out of the question his mild, inoffensive, moral character—his temperate and secluded habits—his extraordinary usefulness, and the splendour of his talents—let us for a moment consider it, if not as philosophers, yet as fellow-citizens.

The man against whom Aram raised his arm, it must never be forgotten, was not only of the most contemptible and worthless description, but was the supposed polluter of his marriage bed. On this ground I take my stand, and as he certainly acted upon that conviction, I boldly say, in spite of all the clamour of an unthinking world, that he ought not to have been brought to an ignominious end.

There are many people who regard the crime of

* See, however, Exodus ii. 12.

adultery in a partial, and some even in a ludicrous, light, as if by it the married couple alone were affected; but its consequences to the young, the innocent, and the helpless, are often pitiable. A father's jealousy once aroused, the happiness of his whole family is destroyed, the sweet endearments of the domestic circle are no more. He views each little one with a suspicious or a jaundiced eye. The child, which aforetime he clasped to his bosom or dandled on his knee, becomes to him a stranger, an incumbrancer, or monument of his shame. Yet the law obliges him to keep it, and he is little relieved by the divorce of the mother—or imprisonment or fine of her paramour.

Such doubtless were the passions which rankled in the breast of Aram, and they account for his treatment, not only of Clark and Anna Aram, but of her hapless progeny. They show us how it happened that he deserted both them and the very spot where he should have lived to prevent discovery. These are no vain conjectures, but such as arise out of the circumstances, the traditions of the last century, and express intimation of Aram himself.

During his confinement in York Castle, it appears that Aram was solicited by a clergyman at Knaresborough, to furnish him with a copy of some of his literary productions,* which he com-

* Specimens may be seen in Mr. Hargrove's book, and they show what this man could do by the mere power of memory and his wonderful erudition.

plied with; although in a letter dated June 2nd, 1759, he writes thus:—"I have no materials for my purpose by me; not so much as a book, paper, or manuscript of any kind, so that it is easy to conceive under what disadvantages I write." Again, in reply to a request for a history of his life, after his condemnation, he writes as follows:—"As to my life it is of no importance to the public, nor would it be of service to any body; nor, if it was material to write it, have I time;* but I am certain it was spent much more commendably than that of any one of my enemies."

Notwithstanding this declaration, Aram addressed a letter to the same clergyman, of which the following is an abridgment. To give it in the very words of Eugene himself, must necessarily be far more valuable than in the style of any other person whomsoever.

"Rev. Sir,

"I always believed any relation of my life of no manner of importance or service to the public, and I never had either any temptation or desire to appear in print. The publications ushered to the world, (which I ever had little concern for, and have as little now,) by persons in my situation, always appeared to me only calculated for the advantages of the press, and for the amusement of a very idle curiosity. But to oblige you, and not forget my promise, I will recollect as many particu-

* Aram had not now *forty-eight* hours to live.

lars as I can upon so sudden a notice, and the small pittance of time which I have left me will allow.

"I was born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale, in 1704. My maternal relations had been substantial and reputable in that dale for many generations. My father was of Nottinghamshire, a gardener, of great abilities in botany, and an excellent draftsman. He served the Right Revd. the Bishop of London, Dr. Compton, with much approbation, which occasioned his being recommended to Newby, in this county, to Sir Edward Blackett, whom he served in the capacity of a gardener, with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the family, for above thirty years. Upon the decease of that baronet, he went to, and was retained by, Sir John Ingilby, Bart. of Ripley, where he died: respected when living, and lamented when dead.*

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"Many more anecdotes are contained in my papers, which are not present, yet these may perhaps be thought more than enough, as they may be considered rather as ostentatious than pertinent: but the first was always far from me.

"I was removed, very young, along with my mother, to Skelton, near Newby; and thence, at five or six years old, my father making a little purchase in Bondgate, near Ripon, his family went thither. There I went to school, where I was made capable of reading the Testament, WHICH WAS ALL I EVER WAS TAUGHT, except, a long time after, *about a month*, in a very advanced age for that, with the Rev. Mr. Alcock, of Burnsal.

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* Next follows the pedigree of his father's family, which is not very material to our narrative, though it displays the good taste, the research, and curiosity of the Antiquary.

"After this, at about thirteen or fourteen years of age, I went to my father at Newby, and attended him in the family there, till the death of Sir Edward Blackett. It was here my propension to literature first appeared; for, being always of a solitary disposition, and uncommonly fond of retirement and books, I enjoyed here all the repose and opportunity I could wish. My study, at that time, was engaged in the mathematics: I know not what my acquisitions were; but I am certain my application was at once intense and unwearied. I found in my father's library there, which contained a great number of books in most branches, Kersey's Algebra, Leyburn's Cursus Mathematicus, Ward's Young Mathematician's Guide, Harris's Algebra, &c. and a great many more; but these being the books in which I was ever most conversant, I remember them the better. I was, even then, equal to the management of quadratic equations, and their geometrical constructions. After we left Newby, I repeated the same studies in Bondgate, and went over all the parts I had studied before; I believe not unsuccessfully.

"Being about the age of sixteen, I was sent for to London, being thought, upon examination by Mr. Christopher Blackett, qualified to serve him as book-keeper in his accompting-house. Here, after a year or two's continuance, I took the small pox, and suffered severely under that distemper. My mother was so impatient to see me, that she was very near upon a journey to London, which I, by an invitation from my father, prevented by going to her.

"At home, with leisure upon my hands, and a new addition of authors to those brought me from Newby, I renewed not only my mathematical studies, but begun

and prosecuted others of a different turn, with much avidity and diligence: these were poetry, history, and antiquities: the charms of which quite destroyed all the heavier beauties of numbers and lines, whose applications and properties I now pursued no longer, except occasionally in teaching.

"I was, after some time employed in this manner, invited into Netherdale, my native air, where I first engaged in a school, where I married, unfortunately enough for me; for the misconduct of the wife which that place afforded me, has procured me this place, this prosecution, this infamy, and this sentence.

"During my continuance here, perceiving the deficiencies in my education, and sensible of my want of the learned languages, and prompted by an irresistible covetousness of knowledge, I commenced a series of studies in that way, and undertook the tediousness, the intricacies, and the labour of grammar. I selected Lilly from the rest: all which I got and repeated by heart. The task of repeating it all every day was impossible, while I attended the school, so I divided it into portions; by which method it was pronounced thrice every week; and this I performed for years.

"Next I became acquainted with Camden's Greek Grammar, which I also repeated in the same manner, memoriter. Thus instructed, I entered upon the Latin classics, whose allurements repaid my assiduities and my labours. I remember to have, at first, hung over five lines for a whole day; and never, in all the painful course of my reading, left any one passage, but I did, or thought I did, perfectly comprehend.

"After I had accurately perused every one of the Latin classics, historians and poets, I went through the

Greek Testament; first parsing every word as I proceeded. Next I ventured upon Hesiod, Homer, THEOCRITUS, Herodotus, Thucydides, and ALL THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS: a tedious labour was this; but my former acquaintance with history lessened it extremely; because it threw a light upon many passages which, without that assistance, must have appeared obscure.

"In the midst of these literary pursuits, a man and horse, from my good friend, William Norton, Esq. came for me, from Knaresborough, along with that gentleman's letter, inviting me thither; and accordingly I repaired thither in some part of the year 1734, and was, I believe, well accepted and esteemed there. Here, not satisfied with my former acquisitions, I prosecuted the attainment of the Hebrew, and with indefatigable diligence. I had Buxtorff's grammar; but that being perplexed, or not explicit enough, at least in my opinion at that time, I collected no less than eight or ten different Hebrew grammars, and here one very often supplied the omissions of others; and this was, I found, of extraordinary advantage. Then I bought the Bible in the original, and read the whole Pentateuch, with an intention to go through the whole of it, which I attempted, but wanted time.

"In April, I think the 18th, 1744,* I went again to London. The reason shall follow. Here I agreed to teach the Latin and writing, for the Rev. Mr. Painblanc, in Piccadilly, which he, along with a salary, returned, by teaching me French; wherein I observed the pronunciation the most formidable part, at least to me, who had never before known a word of it; but this, my continued application every night or other opportunity, over-

* This must have been 1745, and it shows that he staid at Knaresborough but about six weeks after the death of Clark.

came; and I soon became a tolerable master of French. I remained in this situation two years and above.

"Some time after this, I went to Hays, in the capacity of a writing-master, and served a gentlewoman there, since dead; and staid, after that, with a worthy and Revd. Gentleman. I continued here between three and four years.

"I succeeded to several other places in the south of England, and all that while used every occasion of improvement. I then transcribed the Acts of Parliament, to be registered in Chancery,* and afterwards went down to the Free School, at Lynn.

"From my leaving Knaresborough to this period is a long interval, which I had filled up with the farther study of history and antiquities, heraldry and botany, in the last of which I was very agreeably entertained, there being so extensive a display of nature. I well knew Turneforte, Ray, Miller, Linnæus, &c. I made frequent visits to the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea; and traced pleasure through a thousand fields. At last, few plants, domestic or exotic, were unknown to me. Amidst all this, I ventured upon the Chaldee and Arabic; and, with a design to understand them, supplied myself with Erpenius, Chapelhow, and others. But had not time to obtain any great knowledge of the Arabic; the Chaldee I found easy enough, because of its connection with the Hebrew.

"I then investigated the Celtic, as far as possible, in all its dialects; begun collections, and made comparisons between that, the English, the Latin, the Greek, and even the Hebrew. I had made notes, and compared above three thousand of these together, and found such

* This, upon examination, turns out to be perfectly correct. See Appendix IV. Aram, as is well known, wrote a beautiful hand, and had a complete command of the pen.

a surprising affinity, even beyond any expectation or conception, that I was determined to proceed through the whole of all these languages, and form a comparative Lexicon, which I hoped would account for numberless vocables in use with us, the Latins and Greeks, before concealed and unobserved. This, or something like it, was the design of a clergyman of great erudition in Scotland; but it must prove abortive, for he died before he executed it, and most of my books and papers are now scattered and lost."

Having thus sketched the history of his life,* Aram now prepared himself for death; and about this trying period, a remarkable difference between his conduct and that of a professed or practical atheist is observable. With the humility and meekness which marked his character, he appears to have not only received, but been grateful for, the visits of two clergymen: for whom, in various essays, he employed his pen. Aram was no scoffer, either at religion or its ministers: his mind had been better employed than in disturbing the faith and consolations of other men; and whatever were his particular views, he wisely kept them to himself. At all events, we must needs admire the tone of his letters to these gentlemen; and both charity and reason will induce the belief that, under their ministration, he had "solicitously commended himself to that Eternal Being" of whom he wrote.

* He wrote also, memoriter, several clever pieces, accompanied by a letter, in which he tells the clergyman, that "if he had not had the curiosity to solicit, he himself should not have had the assurance to offer, them; scarcely thinking it possible, that one who was scarcely taught to read, had any ability to write."—*See Hargrove's pamphlet.*

Be this as it may, he neither left the stage like a boastful deist, nor a canting reprobate.

Early on the morning of his execution, Eugene cut his arm with a razor, in two parts, and was found in bed, with life nearly extinct. By proper applications, he was brought to himself; and, though weak, was conducted to Tyburn; where, being asked if he had anything to say, he answered "No." He was then executed, and his body was hung in chains on Knaresborough Forest, within view of the town, and on the right side of the road as you quit Knaresbro' for Plumpton. His gibbet was, however, soon cut down; and I have handled a skull,* said to have been his, and exhibited as such, in Hutchinson's Museum, once at Knaresborough.†

On the table of his cell, just before he cut himself with the razor, Eugene left a very remarkable paper. To the scholar, it will display the classic and philosophic cast of his mind. To me, from my boyhood, it has been deeply affecting, from its romantic loftiness and pathos, and I envy not the person who is untouched by it.

"What am I better than my fathers?" said the dying Aram. "*To die is natural and necessary.* Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die, than I did to be born! But the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion, be

* This, if I remember right, was remarkably small, but the Os frontale was very bold. Clark's skull I have frequently seen in York Castle, and now, in March, 1832, I find very little of it is remaining.

† See Appendix VI.

DECENT* and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals; they are, as they always were, things indifferent to me. I think—though contrary to the common way of thinking. I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that Eternal Being that formed me and the world. And as by this I injure no man, no man can be reasonably offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the Eternal and Almighty Being, the God of Nature, if I have done amiss—but perhaps I have not; and I hope this *thing*† will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to RISE‡ fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.

"I slept soundly till three o'clock; awaked, and then writ these lines:—

"Come, pleasing *rest!* eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all!
Calm and compos'd, my soul her journey takes,
NO GUILT THAT TROUBLES, and no heart that aches!
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her *arise!*‡
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise."

---

* Aram was so thorough a classic that he (perhaps unconsciously) here fell into the very sentiment of Euripides, or of a female personage in the "Hecuba." So, at least, my memory suggests; and his having read "ALL *the Greek tragedians*," is some support to my opinion.

† Does this "THING" relate to his peculiar opinions? to his own suicide? or the murder of Clark? The context points to the first.

‡ My Greek motto is a response to this page.

Suicide, under any circumstances where the party is of sound mind, cannot well be justified; but, in Aram's case, there were many considerations which plead in extenuation of his guilt. He considered himself unfairly tried, improperly convicted, vindictively and cruelly dealt with, and his doom, for this world, unalterably settled. A child of poverty and misfortune, from his cradle, he had bravely struggled under the frowns of a misjudging and censorious age. He had endeavoured to deserve well of his country, of which he was certainly a distinguished ornament. He had filled a station in society, (alas! too little thought of, though of the utmost importance,) with a credit and a reputation rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed; and he was now to be exposed as the most execrable of men. Is there no appeal to our reason and our feelings, in a case like this? And shall we wonder that Eugene, stung to madness, resolved to foil the last indignity of his enemies? "Anima fugit indignata, sub umbras."

The sentiments of the greatest and wisest men are highly worth recording. I have a curious and valuable dictum of Napoleon, upon the subject of suicide,* which ought to be preserved. Much as he was averse to this crime, his judgment might have been somewhat altered in the instance of

* Extract from the orderly book of the Horse Grenadiers of the Consular Guard, 22nd Floreal (year 10.)

Aram, whose case, indeed, scarcely comes within the compass of his meaning.

"The grenadier Grobin," said Napoleon, "has destroyed himself, in consequence of a love affair: he was otherwise a respectable man. This is the second event of the kind which has happened in the corps within a month. The First Consul directs that it shall be inserted in the order of the day of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to subdue sorrow, and the agitation of the passions: that there is as much courage in enduring, with firmness, the pains of the heart, as in remaining steady under the grape-shot of a battery. To abandon one's self to grief, without resistance—to kill one's self, in order to escape from it, is to fly from the field of battle before we are conquered."

Consistently with this "order of the day," and in the same nervous, concise, luminous, and spirited style, which characterize the undoubted productions of the same mind, Napoleon thus addressed Mr. Warden:—"Suicide," said he, "is a crime most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason present itself to my understanding, by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear, which we denominate cowardice (poltronerie.) For what claim can that man have to courage, who trembles at the frowns of fortune? True heroism consists in becoming superior to the

ills of life, in what shape soever they may challenge him to the combat."—*Warden's Letters, p.* 58.

I have more reasons than one for these extracts. A low and villanous letter, said to be a confession of Aram, but in the tone and slang of an ordinary malefactor, has been often copied from the Tyburn Annals. The exposure of this vile forgery is best seen in its laughable absurdity. As all people, however, may not perceive this so clearly, I take leave to remark, that where a man draws upon the stores of a rich and brilliant mind, and, as in the instances of Eugene and Napoleon, his style of address is peculiar and affecting, it requires extraordinary powers to imitate him, even for one paragraph. An imbecile, unconscious of his beauties, or of his own stupidity, may clothe himself, for a moment, in the skin of the lion, but by the braying of the ass he is detected.

To resume my narrative. Mrs. Aram survived her husband many years, and kept a little shop near the bridge, where she sold pies, sausages, &c. What became of her sons, or two of her daughters, I never could learn. As they did not live with her, at least latterly, it is probable that they found a friend in one or both of their uncles, (Stephen or Henry,) provided that their circumstances were sufficient; but except, as before-mentioned, the saddler at Green-Hammerton is the only one of the family whom I could trace.

Mrs. Clark (a very respectable woman) was a widow sixty-two years. She told my informant, who occasionally worked for her, and helped "to lay her out" after death, that "until the discovery was made of her husband's bones, she always believed him to be living, and that he would one day return to his home."

But now for an account of that interesting girl, "Sally Aram," the favourite and only affectionate child of Eugene. She was, I believe, the only one who followed him to Lynn,* and that clung to him in York Castle. Thither, however, with a devotion and fidelity characteristic of the sex where a beloved object is concerned, Sally attended her father. She was then a fine young woman, about twenty-seven years of age; and my informant, who had shaken hands with Aram, was witness to an interview between them, which she told me was "very affecting." Sally was standing before the iron gates, sobbing violently, when Aram accosted her. "Sally, my dear," said he, "you are very much tanned and freckled." "Yes," said Sally, "I know that, father, but I cannot help it. What would you advise me to do?" "Oh," said he, "make a wash with juice of lemons, *that* will clear you."

Bereaved of her parent, her instructor, and support, Sally, almost broken-hearted, and abandoned

* See my "Gleanings," p. 31.

to despair, (after some misfortunes which I shall not mention,) became the mistress of a gentleman in London. One day, while walking with another female, she was driven, by a shower of rain, up an entry for shelter. Here she met with a respectable man, who, being captivated by the person, the manners, or wit of Sally, made overtures of marriage, and was accepted. They kept a public-house, (the Crown, if I remember,) on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, whence she wrote letters to a friend in Yorkshire. Mr. Hargrove related to me a passage in one of them, which I never, never can forget; since, of itself, it proves her the legitimate daughter of Eugene. "As to my dear father," said Sally, "I once believed that I never could have survived him long; but time softens down our sorrows, and I now console myself, in the persuasion THAT HE IS TRAVERSING THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, ASSOCIATED WITH THE KINDRED SHADES OF HIS BELOVED HOMER AND VIRGIL."

I am sorry to disturb those sweet illusions of fancy about "Madeline" and the "Lester" family, which the magic spell of Mr. Bulwer has conjured up; but historic truth obliges me to substitute my scholar of fifty-four years, for his young student; my shoemaker, for his esquire; and my Sally, for his Madeline. The same motive, however, impels me to add, that his touches of Aram's character

are natural and exquisite; and that never perhaps did I derive more pleasure from a book, than from his first volume, which I read twice.

Aram was, indeed, the solitary rambler, the sublime visionary, the worshipper of Nature, or of Nature's God, which this charming work describes. His thoughts were full of rapture, elevation, and poetry. Often would he climb the misty mountain's top to catch the first beams of the orb of day, or witness his refulgent glories as he sunk beneath the western ocean. The jarring passions of men, their loud contentions, their gross pursuits, their crafty delusions, their boisterous mirth, were objects to which his mind was, by nature, averse; and which nothing but his poverty compelled him to endure.

Such was the self-educated Eugene Aram. At one time the calculator of the awful comet, wandering in its parabolic curve for centuries, in but a point of infinite space: at another time delighting his fancy with dear delicious visions of palms and amaranths, with Hesperides and Elysium,—the gardens of the contemplative, or fields of the blessed. Oh dark the day! oh sad the hour! which saw him drawn up by unthinking men, to be picked at by crows, and buffeted by storms—swinging in irons, between heaven and earth, peradventure to exhibit him as rejected of both.

The MORAL to be drawn from this piteous tale, is of the most edifying kind, and I hope to impress it upon the minds of my young readers. What was it that brought this extraordinary man to an untimely end? The answer is, Low and depraved society. The most unpromising trait in the character of youth, is a propensity to low company. Aram certainly had no taste of this kind, though born of poor parents, and to hard labour; but alas! his poverty and misfortunes drew him towards those whom he despised and disliked, and that high and philosophic mind, which placed him among the first of England's sons, was contaminated by their influence.

Be this case then your warning, my young friends. BEWARE OF LOW COMPANY. It is true that high company is not always very edifying; but still it is that from which something of worth may be acquired; and it is never discreditable. But what can you get, what can you learn, from ignorant, mean, and despicable folk? Why, their lousy habits, their low profligacy, their illiberal sentiments, their tormenting importunities. The society most to be coveted, is unquestionably that of upright people; and these are most frequently found among the learned and talented of the middle class. Education, depend upon it, is the great civilizer of mankind; nor, when the character of Aram is revealed, can an exception be made to the

remark, "Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros." But if a man gives way to low company, however gentle his nature, temperate his habits, splendid his genius, or elevated his pursuits, let him ponder upon the history of poor EUGENE.

APPENDIX.

Two traditions of Eugene Aram, directly opposed to each other with respect to his disposition, have found their way into various publications, and shall be here coupled together.

The Rev. Mr. Hinton, of the Botanic Gardens, Chelsea, used to relate, that "when Aram was with him he has frequently observed him, when walking in the garden, to stoop down and carefully to remove a worm out of the path, to prevent its being destroyed; hoping (as Mr. Hinton afterwards supposed) to atone for the murder he had perpetrated, by showing mercy to every animal." This was a natural and liberal supposition, and it does honour to the clergyman who made it; but I take leave to repeat that Aram was to his pupils, both at Knaresborough and Lynn, mild, patient, and engaging—that he was not a Busby, but an Aylmer; and, for one of his amazing talent and learning, was singularly unostentatious, unassuming, and gentle. The reader shall therefore judge of the credibility of the following extract:—

"The recollection of this man," (Eugene Aram,) says the Literary Gazette, "is still preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk; at which town he was, for some time, Usher at the Grammar School. A small room, at the back of the house in which he slept was, until these last few years, when it was pulled down and re-built, mysteriously pointed to by the little urchins as they passed up to bed on a cold, ghost-enticing night, as the chamber in which the Usher, who was hanged for murder, used to sleep.

"The tradition which remains of his character is, that he was 'a man of loneliness and mystery,' sullen and reserved; that on half-holidays, and when his duties would allow, he

strayed solitary and cheerless, as if to avoid the world, amongst the flat uninteresting marshes, which are situated on the opposite side of the river Ouse.

"At Lynn, the character of Aram was, *until his apprehension*, UNEXCEPTIONABLE; but, after that event, circumstances were called to mind, which seemed to indicate a naturally dark character; but whether these were all strictly founded in truth, or magnified suspicions, arising from the appalling circumstances of the crime of which he was convicted, I am unable to determine. The following, being derived from unquestionable authority, (having been related by Dr. L. who was Master of the Grammar-School at the time,) may serve for an example.

"It had been customary for the parents of the scholars, on an appointed day, to dine with the master, at which time it was expected they would bring with them the amount of their bills. It was late at night, after one of such meetings, that Dr. L. was awaked by a noise at his bed-room door; he rose up, and going into the passage which led to the stair-case, but which was not in the direct way from Aram's bed-room to the ground floor, he discovered the Usher dressed. Having questioned him as to the object of his rising at that unseasonable hour, Aram confusedly answered, that he had been taken unwell, and had been obliged to go down stairs. The Dr. then retired unsuspiciously to bed. From the combined circumstances, the worthy Dr. in later years, had no doubt that, from its being known to Aram that a considerable sum of money was in his bed-room, Aram intended nothing less than to rob him; 'and, no doubt,' continued the narrator, 'he would have murdered me too, if it had been rendered necessary from my discovering and opposing him.'

"The spot just at the entrance to the play-ground, where Aram was taken into custody, by two strange men from Yorkshire, is still remarked, and generally, by the young scholar, in a tremulous whisper."—*Literary Gazette.*

I do not know whether this account is anonymous, or, if otherwise, upon the credit of what name it rests; but certain it is, that no suspicion was excited in the old Dr. till after the execution of his usher; and as to the justice

of it, no one can judge without a knowledge of the house and its passages—the time when Aram went to bed—and his presence or absence at the convivial table on this festive day. For my own part, I see nothing strange in a man of Aram's *known habits*, being up and dressed late at night; nor of his bowels being disordered; nor of his footsteps being heard upon a landing-place; nor of the old Doctor's misgivings at an after period; but I *do* say, that neither Aram's character, nor disposition, nor company, nor habits, nor peculiar situation, give any sanction to his ungenerous conclusion.

Many years ago, I was referred to a very aged medical gentleman at Lynn, as the person most likely to satisfy my researches about Eugene, and I had authority from a friend, to make free use of his name. My surprise was great at receiving an answer from a gentleman* whom I had some knowledge of, both in London and hereabouts, and who proved to be the Doctor's agent. It was an extremely polite and kind reply, and satisfied me that as little was to be gathered at Lynn as at Knaresborough, with reference to the object of my solicitude.

The learned reader will not, as I hope, attribute to my vanity and presumption, the slight alteration of a passage in Theocritus; or be offended, if his metre be undisturbed. My apology is, that to no *name* is a GREEK motto MORE SUITABLE than to EUGENE ARAM'S; and that, as a response to his dying words, I could recollect nothing half so apposite as this beautiful hexameter.

* Mr. Clayton, a very respectable attorney.

Horace, if my memory does not deceive me, calls the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, or their constellation, "lucida sidera." I fear the "poetica licentia" has not been so far extended as to authorize my changing the age and kindred of Eugene, and sex also of Sally Aram, ("lucida sidera" of the eighteenth century;) otherwise they should be—(giants as they were in literature)—Hercules and Iphiclus—(*δυ αδελφεω*)—and then I would retain the more beautiful original.

Εὕδετ' ἐμὰ βρέφεα, γλυκερὸν κ' ἐγέρσιμὸν ὕπνον·*
Εὕδετ' ἐμὰ ψυχὰ, δύ' ἀδελφεὼ, εὖσοα τέκνα·
Ὅλβιοι εὐνὰζοισθε, κ' ὄλβιοι ἀω ἵκοισθε·

Sleep, brothers twain! a sweet and wakeful* sleep:
Sleep, kindred souls! your guardian will keep
Watch o'er your slumbers. Happy may ye rest!
And be, at length, united with the blest.

APPENDIX II.

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1837, writes:—

"In March I was at Wisbeach, and happening to hear that an old woman, in the alms-houses, had been present when Eugene Aram had been apprehended at Lynn, in 1757-8, I paid her a visit. She informed me that, at the time of his being apprehended, she was a girl of eleven years of age: that he was put into the chaise handcuffed, and that the boys of the school were IN TEARS;† that he was much esteemed BY THEM, having been used to associate with them *in their play hours*. She said that the picture of his person, in the Newgate Calendar, is the express image of him; and she mentioned (what I had heard before, but not with her peculiar phrase) that he always wore his hat *bangled*,—which she explained 'bent down' or 'slouched.' One remark she made, which I think very interesting and worthy

* Somnus e quo evigilamus—cui opponitur somnus Mortis.
† A delightful confirmation of my Narratives.—N. S.

of record. She said it had been observed, that in looking behind him he never turned his head or his person *partly* round, but always turned round *'at once'—'bodily.'* I give you her very words. Has any poet, or observer of nature, ever depicted this instance of fear mustering up resolution? I do not remember any description of the kind. How thankful would Mr. Bulwer have been for the anecdote, had he received it in time! Few people, in a morning gossip, learn a new anecdote of human nature: and grateful for it, I record the old lady's name—Beatley."*

APPENDIX III.

In page 33, line 17, of my "Memoirs," I threw out a conjecture, which is well supported by what I have since discovered. An acquaintance of mine who applied to the Clerk of the Arraigns on the subject of my Tract, and left him a copy, received the following reply:—

"The King agt. Eugene Aram coet. Murder."

"Sir,—I have found the depositions before the Coroner, and the information and confessions taken before the Magistrate, which agree pretty exactly with the statement in the pamphlet you left with me, except as to the paragraph of which I send you a copy below; being the part *evidently* alluded to as *suppressed* in page 33. It does not appear, I think, by the pamphlet, that Terry was indicted as well as Aram and Houseman, and acquitted, no evidence appearing to have been offered against him.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"C. J. N."

Part Copy of Aram's Deposition.

"And this examinant further saith, that Mr. Iles of Knaresbro', by using divers undue means and threatenings, possessed himself of considerable effects belonging to Clark. And this examinant further saith —— as to the —— and other things; and after Abram Spence had taken off (the goods which Mr. Iles afterwards possessed himself of) into the Dales, &c."

* She died in July, 1838.

There is so much erasure, parentheses, and interlineation in the deposition, that little further sense can be made of it beyond this, that there had been a very extensive confederacy in respect of the goods which Clark was to take up from the tradesmen in Knaresborough; and that Iles (as mentioned in my Memoirs) was deep in the plot. But the thing most worthy of notice, is a person of the name of *Spence* (doubtless one of Anna Aram's relatives) conveying some of the spoil into the Dales, *i. e.* Netherdale, &c. This disclosure has a beautiful bearing upon what is advanced in page 20 of the "Memoirs," and may convince any one wherefore it happened that Mrs. Aram, the ci-devant Anna Spence, was so chary in her confessions.

APPENDIX IV.

A correspondent of mine last year writes as follows:—

"While in London he (Aram) was in very distressed circumstances, as evidently appears from his being forced to the drudgery of transcribing the Acts of Parliament to be registered in Chancery. I lately had the curiosity to see those transcripts, and by the kindness of the Keeper of the Records in the Rolls Chapel, I was indulged with a look at the Statutes at large, in their original state. Before I found those which Aram copied, I had some trouble. They are, like the others, engrossed on parchment, in the old court hand, and *distinguished from the rest* by the neat manner in which they are written. It is probable, that while employed in this work, he was reduced to such great poverty as to be obliged, in order to gain a little bread, to become a hackney writer to a Law Stationer,—a condition more miserable than any which can be found in the whole of the departments of civilized life. What gives rise to my conjecture is this: I was told by a gentleman in one of the Parlia-

ment offices at Westminster, whose duty it is to get the Acts engrossed, that his predecessor (who held the situation *at the time when Aram was the transcriber*) gave the work to a Law Stationer, who agreed to do the work at so much per folio."

N. S.

APPENDIX V.

"KING'S LYNN, GUILD HALL. } At a Congregation there holden, the 14th day of July, 1758,—

"BENJAMIN NUTHALL, ESQ. MAYOR.

"Mr. KNOX having informed this House by Letter, that he had dismissed John Birkes, his late Usher, and had engaged Eugenius Aram in his stead, subject to their approbation; the said Eugenius Aram is approved by this House, during the pleasure and under the control and power entirely of the said Mr. Knox; and it is ordered that the Usher's salary be paid to Mr. Knox, during the pleasure of this House."

Extracted from the Congregation Book.

FRED. LANE, TOWN CLERK.

18th of June, 1834.

N.B. Mr. David Lloyd was appointed Master of this Free Grammar School at Lynn, 29th of September, 1760. So that all the tales about Aram being Usher under HIM are "fudge."

N. S.

Copy of a letter from W. G. Esq. of York, 28th of April, 1836, to N. Scatcherd, Esq.:—

"Sir,

"Until the late reforms in the Court of Exchequer, a process was issued twice a year to the Sheriffs, directing them to levy certain Rents as Receivers of the Crown. Amongst other items I observed the following, of which I send you a copy. I fear that the Woods and Forests will be as unsuccessful in their attempts to levy, as the Sheriffs of Yorkshire have been.

"Of the same Sheriff for the Issues of Waste Building in Knaresbro', in the s^d. County, in the tenure of Daniel Clark,

of the Yearly value of iiii £l. and one undivided Moiety or Fifth-part of and in a certain Farm called *Moat Farm*, situate at Wickersley, in the said County, which consists, &c. In the occupation of Samuel Chippox, of the Yearly value of xxi £l. of the Lands and Tents. of Danl. Clark aforesaid, shoemaker, outlawed *at the suit of Philip Coates*, gentleman, in a plea of Trespass on the case viii£l. iiis. and vid. xxxiii£l. vs. arrears.

"The Writ was tested Trinv. Term, 1833: the Issues and Arrears carry the Outlawry back to 1754-5. It is possible that the Sheriff received Issues prior to the time when the Arrears began to commence, &c.

"I remain yours respectfully,

"W. G. Junr."

APPENDIX VI.

The skull of Eugene Aram, after having been stolen from the gibbet for Dr. Hutchinson's Museum at Knaresborough, passed into the possession of Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Harrogate; who, about thirty years ago, gave it, at their special desire, to Sir Thomas or Lady Slingsby; who sent it up to Town to be examined by Spurzheim, the celebrated phrenologist, and deposited in some one of the Museums or Hospitals in London. On the very best authority, I know it was as described by Mrs. Pickard in my "Gleanings." N. S.

I take leave, by this opportunity, to say that, for reasons too long to be detailed here, I am well convinced that some part of Aram's defence has been SUPPRESSED, and will probably never appear. Can any body tell me what has become of the MS. or *Original* which Aram gave to Mr. Wharton?* or the Copy which was probably furnished by him to Mr. Wallace? N. S.

APPENDIX VII.

Extract from the Town's book of Knaresborough regarding certificates:—

"For Eugenius Aram, from Aismonderley with Bondgate and Liberty of Ripon, granted 12th of May, 1752."

* Q. Was Wharton the Governor of the Castle? Wallace appears to have been in the Law.—N. S.

LINES

UPON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF EUGENE ARAM,

IN THE POSSESSION OF N. SCATCHERD, ESQ.

What strange commingling thoughts, a pensive train,
Like flitting shadows, not unlinked with pain,
Steal o'er the mind and prompt a tender sigh,
When Eugene's portrait first arrests the eye.
Ah, who can mark the intellectual ray,
Which o'er that lofty forehead seems to play?
Or look upon that placid smile, nor deem
His painful history a fabled dream?
Thou semblance of the great mysterious dead,
Still let me gaze—in raptured musings led;
Till e'en imagination catch the sound
Of his inspiring eloquence profound;—
Hear him describe the comet's devious flight,
Or trace the path of orbs serenely bright;
Teach me the maze of science to explore,
Or charm mine ear with tales of ancient lore.
Where nature blooms in Flora's scented bowers,
Impart the light of his capacious powers;
And in sweet bondage lead my captive soul,
Lost in the wonders of the mighty whole.
For ah, his genius rent the veil of time,
And soared through boundless space, where truths sublime
Displayed their glories to his gifted eye,
The sacred blaze of wide infinity;
And like yon orb that gems the arch of night,
He shed an halo of the mildest light.
Alas! alas! how great his weight of woes,
When tempests lowered from his malignant foes;
So summer's beauties droop beneath the blight
Of surly winter, clad in frowning might.
Pale envy's serpents, vengeful, hissed aloud,
The raven* croaked beneath a midnight cloud:
E'en plighted love unblushing reared its head,
And scattered thorns upon his prison-bed.
Unsated venom, like a whirlwind's breath,
To glut its burning rage, pronounced his death;
And mourned by kindred souls—"*The good and wise,*"
His chainless spirit soared to brighter skies.

J. B. WALKER.

December, 1836.

---

* A raven was kept by Houseman. See "Gleanings after Eugene Aram," by Norrisson Scatcherd, Esq. p. 21.

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IN THE

Parish of Batley, and West-Riding of Yorkshire;

AND ESPECIALLY

OF THE OLD CHAPEL IN THAT VILLAGE:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

Ardsley, Topcliffe, Woodchurch, Batley, Howley-Hall, Soothill-Hall, Carlinghow, Birstal, Usher-Hall, Adwalton, the *Battle of Adwalton Moor*, the *Battle of Dunbar*, Gildersome, Churwell, Cottingley, Middleton, Thorpe, and other Places in the Vicinity;

ALSO OF

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THESE PARTS,

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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